THE ARTIST'S QUEEN.

An artistonce gave to the canvas a face That the wise came miles to see. A lovelight glance in eyes all a-dance He had caught in its subtlety.

He had given a crown to the regal one And knights at her command, But the girllike mien was not of a queen, Though courtiers kissed her hand.

And the critics sald, as they gazed enrapt, That the rank of a queen was not there, Though there never was such grace and such touch Or a face more delicate, fair.

And they hied to the artist and found that

Was in quarters poor and bare, But he held to his heart the counterpart Of a rustic maiden there.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE LESSON OF LOVE.

"Yann!" "Excellency." "Here."

With bowed head and drawing one foot after the other slowly along the ground as if to show great humility, the favorite huntsman of Prince Horostienko entered the arbor where his illustrious master was wont to repose after eat-

'Approach, son of a dog, and listen." Yann Barsouck came nearer and bent forward until his face touched his master's boot.

"Are you always sure of your hand and your sight?"

"God help me, yes, excellency." "Well, you are to wander away from the castle, as is your habit. You must pretend to have lost your way. At nightfall enter the garden secretly, and jumping the hedge conceal yourself in yonder clump of bushes, which is directly in front of the window of the blue sa

"Yes, excellency." "The salon is sure to be lighted. There you will see the princess and Count Alexis Karagine. Watch well. When you see me enter the room, raise your gun and aim at the count.

Drawn up in his rustic chair, his face more wrinkled and distorted than ever before, the old prince spoke authoritatively. His gaze was intently fixed upon his huntsman, in whose features no other sentiment was discernible save that of servile obedience. He continued:

'Aim at the count, but do not shoot at once. Before you blow out his brains I wish to make him understand that he is to die."

"Yes, excellency." "Therefore, you will stand, your finger on the trigger, until I let fall a handkerchief which I shall carry in my hand. Then, Yann, shoot and hit your mark.

You understand?" 'Yes, excellency."

Yann was more than a man-he was a brute. Whence he came no one knew. From Lithuania perhaps, judging from his name—the only words he could speak when they found him, a tiny babe, under a bush on the highroad that crossed Prince Horostienko's estates. They left him to grow up in the courtyard among the servants and grooms. For his daily nourishment he depended upon the charity of the peasants and the

At 16 he had made a bow, with which he could bring down all the apples and pears he wanted. Never once did he miss his aim.

One day the prince saw Yann's arrow pierce the blossom of a bergamot tree, and he commanded him to be brought before him. The servant who led Yann to his excellency trembled. But his excellency was in good humor. He contented himself with giving the culprit 15 lashes, after which he was sent to the head huntsman, with orders that he was to have a uniform and a gun.

Yann retained an agreeable remembrance of his master's clemency. He wished to show that he was grateful.

Besides shooting was his ruling passion His skill surpassed that of all the most renowned marksmen of his time. At 40 paces he could send a bullet directly through the eye of an otter without the slightest injury to the fur. Then he would silently deposit the dead beast at his master's feet. Being repaid with a simple "Well done," Yann would return to his thatched but, surly and tacitmn, without even a glance at the group of maidens, who, with petticoats daintily tucked up, washed their linen in the river.

He never spoke to any one. The peasants held him in awe. Evil stories were current about him. They may have been true. For Yann there was but one law -the word of his master; but one love -that for his gun.

When the evening tea had been drunk, the prince, making a pretext of having some orders to give, took leave of the count, his only guest that day, and having kissed his wife's hand withdrew to his own apartment.

A half hour later he went down into the garden.

There everything spoke of love. Oppressed by the heat of the day, the plants and flowers had blossomed once more into life, filling the air with their heavy fragrance. The fireflies floated like bright emeralds on the night breeze to where their mates awaited them under the thick leaves. In the grass the crickets sang softly to their love mates of an

The prince took a circuitous route and returned on the grass, so that his footsteps might not be heard. Drawing aside the heavy leaves of an elder tree:

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoris

the you meter very were men the signal, and fire at once! In the count's eye, Yann-like the otter's." "Yes, excellency."

Certainly the poor princess had struggled conscientionsly to resist the ardent supplications of Alexis Petrovitch. But he was 25, and she was only 20,

The grave caresses of her husband suggested to the princess what the infinite joys of young love might be, with its divine intoxication, its ardent embraces. Never yet had she given her lips unasked to her husband. Must she always submit to his almost paternal kissm? And what promises she read in the eyes of Alexis!

The princess did not stop to analyze either her preferences or her aversions. She loved Alexis; that was enough. Love at 20 has a spark of divinity in it. It does not even care to understand it-

One day Alexis swore to the princess that he would only put his lips to the hem of her gown, but carried on by the torrent of his youthful love he kissed her passionately. She fled to her favorite blue salon, which she never allowed any one to enter. There she permitted the count to join her.

After that they sat there whenever they were alone together.

So it was that, seated on a divan opposite the long window, the princess saw kneeling before her him who was not yet her lover, but to whom she felt already that she entirely belonged. "Ah, my life, how I love you!" he was saying.

His arms were about her. Drawing her closer to him, he sought her lips. She was uneasy and made as if she would release herself, when, suddenly conquered by the convulsion which rent her heart, she closed her eyes, and her lips met his.

Yann Barsouck watched. Before those wo young creatures rapt in an ecstasy of love he smiled.

This love, what was it? A pit into which man led woman, and she ran to it blindly, careless of her fate.

Yann understood this love. No one could imitate as he could the moaning love lamentations of the otter to his How many had he shot, to save them from their "doom," as he expressed it.

Meanwhile, his eyes fixed on the count, Yann silently leveled his carbine. Inflamed by the long, voluptuous embrace and moved by the strength of his passion, Alexis arose. Little by little he pressed closer against him the slight form lying so unresistingly in his arms. With his impatient fingers he tore aside the silk folds of her gown.

But the princess stood erect. The adorable modesty of her gesture, the look of amazement in her eyes, accompanied by so much love, so much fear, reminded Alexis of his promise. Falling once more upon his knees, respectfully, reverently, he laid his lips to the hem of her gown.

Barsouck saw all, even the look of mad passion with which the princess thanked Alexis, unconsciously promis-ing to repay him a hundredfold for the

sacrifice she now imposed on him. A veil was suddenly torn away from the soul of the brute. His savage nature was electrified by the ray of understanding which penetrated his very heart. It was a new idea-exquisite, elevating—that of woman's modesty.

Now he understood pure love. As Alexis rose from his knees the which his unexpected entrance had quite anxious to know why two such thrown them, the prince advanced deliberately toward the lovers, who stood trembling before him. He went cautiously, like a caterpillar creeping under the petals of a flower.

Alexis threw himself in front of the princess. But quickly disengaging herself the woman boldly confessed all. Then, with a superb audacity, she stood

staring in her husband's face. Old Horostienko was beside himself with rage. Grasping the handkerchief which was to serve as signal to Barsouck, he threw it with the ferce of a blow in his wife's face.

Surprised to see the count still erect. he turned toward the windew-and fell, shot through the eye.

Like the otters!—Translated For San Francisco Argonaut From the Russian. HARDENED BY CUSTOM.

The Divorced Woman Did Not Feel Com fortable About Her Children.

The conversation took place at a table in a Chicago restaurant within earshot of half a dozen persons, so it is to be presumed that it is not to be considered particularly sacred. The woman in the brown dress had evidently just come in from Denver. The one in black had met her at the depot. There was an animated description of the details of the journey; what time she started, how tired she got, what a terrible draft there was and so forth, interspersed with exclamations of sympathy from her hear-er. Then she leaned forward and asked

with more than ordinary interest: "Have you seen George since?" Her companion's face took on an expression that seemed to betoken resignation to all the evils the human race is

lestined to come in contact with. "Yes, twice," she answered. "And the children?" "No, I haven't seen them."

"Nor his wife?" "No, but they say she is quite pretty and sensible too."

The woman in brown sighed. "I never heard a word of it until about a week ago. You can't imagine

what a shock it gave me. He was married in December, wasn't he?" "Yes, just a month after you were."

She sighed again. "I'd like to see the children, but I'm afraid Roouldn't bear it. It makes no difference how good George's new wife is, she won't be like an own mother to the poor little things. It's against all reason, you know that."

The woman in black admitted that the argument was indisputable.

"And I'd never feel right again," the speaker continued, apparently giving er conscience a few affectionate little pats and lulling it to rest. "When I left George, I tried to get the children for myself; but, you see, I had no idea what I should do. I knew it would be out of the question for me to try to struggle along with all three of them. I had faith enough in him to believe that he would do the right thing by them, even though my own life with him had been a perpetual martyrdom. If I had only known that I should marry again so soon and so well, nothing on earth could ever have compelled me to give them up. But, you see, I didn't know. So, all things considered, I guess I'd better go right on east. As I said,

HOEF IS WORLD OF THE TOTAL TO SEE THEM under the charge of somebody else and hear them call another woman 'mother.' It would break my heart."

The two women finished their lunch and went cut. The baldheaded man at the end of the table dropped his fork

with a clatter. "Well," he said emphatically, "it's my opinion that those three children are better off with that new mother if she's anything short of a amazon than they would be with that woman. Heaven grant she won't be like their own mother."

The little audience looked as though it agreed with him individually and collectively. - Exchange.

A PLAY THAT WAS NOT WRITTEN Dramatic Plans of the Elder and Younger

Dumas That Miscarried A curious and interesting bit of correspondence between Alexandre Dumas, father, and Alexandre Dumas, son, has been published in Paris by Georges Boyer, showing the two eminent Frenchmen had planned to write a theatrical piece together. Unfortunately the plan was not carried out, and the literary world was deprived maybe of a brilliant produciton. The letters read as follows:

PARIS, Oct. 7, 1865. Alexandre Dumas, father, to Alexandre Du-Mexandre Dumas, father, to Alexandre Dumas, son:

DEAR MASTER—After 30 years of struggle, defeats and victories, of failures and successes, I believe that, if not a great celebrity, I have at least the reputation of being a fruitful novelist. Only yesterday I received from Victor Hugo, in Guernsey, a letter full of encouragement and congratulations. I have the honor to belong to the Society of Authors and the Society of Dramatists. My, modest claims to the first are: (Here follows a list of claims to the first are: (Here follows a list of his most successful works.) Now, I beg, dear master, the honor of writing with you a drama in five acts, the ideas for which I shall dis-

cuss with you at our first meeting. The ideas are, I believe, in accordance with the tastes of the day. Will you agree? ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Father. The reply of the son was:

Alexandre Dumas, son, to Alexander Dumas

father:
DEAR MASTER—Your letter came to the correct address. The friendship, the love, the respect, the admiration which I have for my father make it my duty and pleasure to accept blindly your amiable offer. Be it so therefore, we shall work together on some piece in five acts. To work with you, let me may, between us, will be no bad piece of business for me.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Son.

Woman Inventor's Prayer to Congress. A unique petition has turned up on the house side among some old papers. The memorialist is a woman, and she asks congress to appropriate \$500 to enable her to perfect and place upon the market sundry inventions, which she lacks means to secure patents upon. She says: "I have asked assistance from most every one I thought most likely to aid. I began on the common liner, went on to the thousanders, then to millionaires, governors and the president-not the present president-but I asked Brother Arthur. They all paid as deaf an ear to it as the Alps would to the chirp of a snowbird." She asks con-gress to "look into the patent office treasury and see if you can find an idls \$500 that is doing no one any good. Bring it out and let me use it for s season. Money, like trees, yields more by being stirred about the roots."-

What Passed Between Them.

Two men of more or less bibulosity who had always been friends got into row one night which ended in one getting pretty badly battered and the other prince entered. Certain of satiating his being arrested for assault and battery. natred, gleating over the horror into On the trial one of the attorneys was

"Will you state just how the culty originated?" he inquired of the

one on the stand. The witness told a very much involv ed story. "That isn't what I want to know,

said the attorney sharply. The witness made another try. "That's no clearer than the other, objected the attorney. "Can't you tel just what passed between you and noth

ing more?" The face of the witness showed light in it.

"Oh," he said, "is that what you want to know?"

"Of course it is. Tell that and no "Well, as near as I can remember there were 10 beers, four whiskies, two

gin fizzes, two Manhats, one brandy and one vermouth, one bottle of cham "That's enough," interrupted the at

torney. "All the rest is easily explained now."-Detroit Free Press.

Collecting Astor House Rents. Possibly it is not generally known that the Astor House block has two owners, whose relations are strained, to say the least-John Jacob Astor and William Waldorf Astor. Although the rent of the hotel itself is necessarily paid in a single check, that of the stores and offices at one end of the building is collected by the representative of one As tor, while the revenue from the other end is garnered by the representative of the other.-National Hotel Reporter.





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the right material to give the longest service at the least cost for repairs. They are of the latest patterns, finished in the handsomest manner. Ask to see them at the dealers. The Trade Mark will identify the genuine.

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AT BOTTOM PRICES.

For the next sixty days I will offer great bargains in CLOTHING to close out stock and make room for new FALL GOODS.

HENRY MEYER, - - NAPOLEON, OHIO.



TIME TABLE



NAPOLEON.

GOING WEST. " & Defiance Ex..... 5:57 p. m ** & St. Louis Ex 6:1 p. m. " & Ft. Wayne Local. 9:20 a.m GOING EAST.

No. * 42, St. Louis & Toledo Ex....... 6:31 s. m

** + 38, Defiance & Toledo Ex...... 7:05 s. m. " ;+ 46, Kansas City & Toledo Ex 3:10 p, m, * 44. St Louis & Toledo Ex 8:52 p. m. " + 70, Ft, Wayne & Toledo Local 12:25 p m.

4 Daily except Sunday. * Daily. C. M. BRYANT, Agent

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MAY 20th, 1894, TOR

STATIONS.	8	6	16	46
CENTRAL TIME.	*10 45 PM 4 80	PM * 3 00 8 35	AM + 6 05 PM 1 40	AM
" Defiance Ar. Monrosville	8 59	10000	8 59	
" Sandusky	190,150	******	9 30	T'M
Lv. Mansfield				AM 4 25
" Mt. Vernon	8 56		********	5 22
Ar., Newark	9 35		AM	5 58
Lv. Newark	9 45	****	12 15	*6 10
" Zancsville	10 30		12 56	6 51
Ar. Wheeling	2 35	AM	4 55	10 45 P M
" Pittsburgh	PM	20.00	7 30	+ 4 15
" Washington .				
" Baltimore,	3 15	6 05		
" Philadelphia	6 08	8 18		
" New York .	8 27	10 55		

STATIONS.	7	105	3	& 17	15
CENTRAL TIME Lv. Defiauce	PM 3 15	AM 5 20	PM 6 50	AM 11 (0) PM	AM 1 10
Ar. Chicago	9 00	11 03		6 40	7 2

PULLMAN SERVICE. Pittsburg and Chicago, Trains Nos. 5, 6, 14 & 15 Chicago, Cieveland and Pittsburg, Trains Nos 4 and 15. o, Baltimore and New York, Trains Nos. 6, 7 and 8. Pittsburg and Cincinnati, Trains Nos. 105, 106, 103 and 104.

*Trains run daily. ‡Stop on signal. †Daily except Sunday. *

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ADIES CAN MAKE \$3 DAILY BY FOLDING canvassing. Position permanent. Reply with stamped envelope. MISS GRACE PAUL, South Bend, Indiana. FAREWELL

Farewell. We two shall still meet day by

But nevermore shall heart respond to heart.
Two stranger boats can drift adown one tide, wo branches on one stem grow green apart. Farowell, I say.

Farewell. Chance travelers, as the path they trend, Change words and smile And share their travelers' fortunes friend with

And yet are foreign in their thoughts the Several, alone, save that one way they wend. Farewell. 'Tis said.

Farewell. Ever the bitter asphodel Outlives love's rose.

The fruit and blossom of the dead for us.

Ah, answer me, should this have been the

To be together and to be sundered thus? But yet farewell. -Augusta Webster.

BESSEMER ON BESSEMER STEEL

Marvelous Quickness In Converting Cast Iron Into the Hardened Metal. In The Engineering Review Sir Henry Bessemer has an article on the steel industry which bears his name. He reminds us that a third of a century ago Sheffield steel made from the costly bar iron of Sweden realized from £50 to £60 a ton. Now, by the Bessemer process, steel of excellent quality can be made direct from crude pig iron at a cost ridiculously small compared with former prices and in quantities which the old steel workers never dreamed of

dealing with at one operation. In lieu of the slow and expensive process of converting wrought iron bars into crude or blister steel by 10 days' exposure at a very high temperature to the action of carbon, cast iron worth Baltimore & Ohio R. R. only £3 a ton is, Sir Henry says, converted into Bessemer cast steel in 30 minutes wholly without skilled manipulation or the employment of fuel, and while still maintaining its initial heat it can at once be rolled into railway bars or other required forms.

The article gives a vivid picture of all that has been brought about by this revolution in a manufacture in which up to our own time there had been no change since blades of matchless temper were wrought in the forges of Damascus and Toledo. Steel is now adapted to a thousand purposes of which our ancestors had no conception.

By way of giving some idea of the enormous production of Bessemer steel now, Sir Henry asks us to imagine a wall 5 feet in thickness and 20 feet high, like a gigantic armor plate formed into a circle and made to surround London. The inclosure so made would extend to Watford on the north side, to Croydon on the south, to Woolwich on the east and to Richmond on the west. It would contain an area of 795 square miles, and this great wall of London, weighing 10,500,000 tons, would just be equal to one year's production of Resemer steel.

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EXCURSION TO MICHIGAN,

Half Rate July, Aug. and Sept. One fare exents on tickets will be issued from St. Louis and all T., St. L. & K. C. R. R., Clover Leaf-Route, stations cast to various relation. Route, stations east, to various points to Michigan, on July 10th, August 14th and Sept. 18th. Return limit 20 days from date of sale. Call on nearest agent Clover Leaf Boute, or address C. C. JENKINS, Gen. Pass. Agect,
Toledo, Ohio.

BUSINESS. One of the 'eading business college's of the country is located at Fayette, O. Its actual business rhoms are marvels of beauty. It is superior it advantages to the city business colleges, while the expense is only one. all or one third as great. Its courses are thorough; its methods, the best; and its graduates SUCCEED. It receives the praise of every student who enters it. Do not delay, but sot. Write for COLLEGE, catalogue to the president of COLLEGE,

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Mathias Kessler, deceased:

THE undersigned has been appointed and quali-fied as Administrator of the estate of Mathias-cessler, late of Henry county, Ohio, decrased. Dated this 3rd day of Sept. A. D., 1894. JOHN C. GROLL, Administrator.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Jacob Wolff, deceased.

THE undersigned has been appointed and quali-fied as Administrator of the estate of Jacob Woiff, late of Henry county, Ohio, decessed. Dated this 15th day of August A. D., 1894. CHARLES F. WICKENHISER.

Estate of Mary Phelan, deceased.

Notice of Appointment.

THE undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Executrix of the estate of Mary Phelan, late of Henry county, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 16th day of August A. D., 1894.

JENNIE RAGAN... Legal Notice. CHARLES F. TURNEY, residing at McBain, in the State of Michigan, will take notice that on the 29th day of August, A. D., 1894, Anna M. Turney filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Henry county, Ohio, being case No. 4191, praying therein for a divorce from said Charles F. Turney, on the ground of groes regiect of duty for the two years last sast from the date of the filing of said petition, and for alimony and the custody and control of her child, Lina Turney. That said case will be for hearing on and after the 29th day of October, 1894. That said defendant is required to answer said petition on or before the 19th day of October or judgment and decree will be entered against him.

ANNA M. TURNEY.

By Cabill & Donovan, Attorneys. Sale of School House Bonds of Ridgeville Tp., Henry Co., O.

CEALED proposals will be received at the Clerks. Onfice until 12 o'clock M., on the 8th day of October, A. D., 1894, for the purchase of Two Thousand and Four hundred dollars (\$2,400) of bonds to be used by said township for the purpose of paying for two school houses, one in Sub-District No. 2.

Said bonds are issued under a special act of the Legislature of the State of Ohio of May 8th, 1894.

The bonds will be issued in denominations of five hundred dollars each, except the last one which will be \$400, due in one, two, three, four and five years respectively after date.

The bonds will bear interest at the rate of six per cent, per annum, payable annually, both interest and principal, payable at the Tressurer's office of Ridgeville twp. The person or persons purchasing said bonds shall rurnish the blank forms for such bonds, te be approved of by the Board of Education without any charge for same.

Each proposal must be accompanied by a certified check for the sum of three hundred dollars. (\$300), payable to the Treasurer of the Board of Education of said township as a guarantee that if the bid is accepted a contract will be entered into in accordance therewith and fully consummated by said bidder. The purchaser will be required to pay in currency for and receive said bonds at the township Treasurer's office. The bonds can not (according to the special act of the Legislature) be said for less than their par value. And the privilege is reserved by the Board of Education to reject any or all bids.

F. A. ROWE,

F. A. ROWE, Clerk of Board of Education sept6-4t